

1484 m. 13

# *J---L's WIFE.*

A

## NEW BALLAD.

IN

## ANSWER

To One, Intitled,

*S----S* and *J---L.*

K

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*Flectere si SUPROS nequeo, ACHERONTA MOVEBO.*  
VIRG.

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## J---L'S W I F E.

## A

## N E W B A L L A D.

## I.

**A**ROUND th' *infernal Plain* she rov'd  
 To seek his *shriveled Ghost*,  
 Who'd robb'd her of her *best Delight*,  
 And what she *valued most*.

## II.

Her *Face* was *ruddy* made by *Art*,  
 And various *Pimplies* rose ;  
 For *Patriotism* fir'd her *Heart*,  
 And *Gin* had fir'd her *Nose*.

## III.

She *trembled* much before she spoke,  
 As does a *Wife* enrag'd !  
 And thrice she *drank*, and thrice she *wept*,  
 E'er she in *Fight* engag'd.

## IV.

[ 4 ]

IV.

And then began---My *Patriot Love* !  
Now you have ended Life,  
You'll see your *Principles* were rul'd  
By what rules *All---a Wife*.

V.

And, thank my Stars ! tho' I am *dead*,  
Yet *other Women* rule ;  
The *wanton Wife of Bath* can make  
The greatest L--d a F--l.

VI.

Then what's the Part that *S--ds* shou'd act,  
When he, who led the *Van*,  
Deserted *first* the *general Cause*,  
And grew a *N--ble M--n* ?

VII.

The *Cause* was *good*, but *Folks* were *bad* ;  
And who can *Wealth* withstand ?  
For what does all the Nation toil,  
But to get *Cash* in *Hand* ?

VIII.

Like *You*, when first you gave your *Word*,  
You'd not the *Pr---ce* oppose ;  
Yet when you came to give your *V---te*,  
Appear'd the *worst* of *Foes*.

IX.

The *War* with *Spain*, no doubt, is right ;  
Yet *B---b* grew rich in *Peace* ;  
And can his *Successor* do so,  
Unless the *War* shou'd *cease* ?

X.



[ 5 ]

X.

Whoever thinks a St---sm--n aim'd  
To seek his *Country's Good*,  
Must be a *doating Fool*, like *You*--  
---A C---rt *taints all their Blood*.

XI.

Shou'd I the **ONLY** *Cause* repeat  
Of all our *Grief* and *Woes*,  
'Twou'd make the *Graves* give up their *Dead*,  
And *Villany* depose.

XII.

If *Sense*, as some Folks wisely hold,  
Doth from the *Juices* flow,  
*Water* is sure the *common Drink*  
At all your *Banquets* now.

XIII.

Else they would not so civil be  
To *Strangers* as they are ;  
For mark my Words---For all Mankind  
But for *themselves* they care.

XIV.

The *Fabrick* of the *Common Weal*,  
One horrid Day threw down,  
And vulgar Hands spoil'd the Estate  
Our *Father's Blood* had won.

XV.

The Master of our C---rtly Crew,  
FRENCH Wine too long hath been ;  
Our St---sm--n wou'd have *better* judg'd  
If drunk with *English* GIN.

XVI.

## XVI.

The *Soldiers*, reeling to and fro,  
 In *Cellars* oftentimes *fight* ;  
*Tie* not their *Arms* then, now *abroad*,  
 Nor *damp* their *Spirits* quite.

## XVII.

'Tis hard to find the *Country's FOE*,  
 So *many* now there are ;  
 But tell me where you'll find its *FRIEND*,  
 For that, *indeed*, is *rare*.

## XVIII.

What's *Worth*, or *Sense*, or *Parts*, or *Weight*,  
 If to oblige a *Punk*,  
 We must give up *all Privilege*,  
 And that of *being drunk* ?

## XIX.

What *Wren* that has a *Mind to mount*,  
 The *fatal Risque* wou'd run,  
 And for an *Eagle* climb a *Hawk*  
 That cannot *face the Sun* ?

## XX.

All Men hate *C--rt*, and *Place* and *Pow'r*  
 'Till they obtain *Command* ;  
 And *Patriotism* is a *Card*  
 That's play'd to either *Hand*.

## XXI.

Long lost to Us, has been, G--d knows !  
 Our *trifling Stock of Brains* ;  
 But no one will dispute the *Mask*,  
 The *specious Front* remains.

## XXII.

## XXII.

The *Head* that You wou'd have Him take,  
 Is now the *Nation's Due* :  
 But grant, ye Pow'rs ! that *He*, with that  
 Mayn't take the *Conscience* too.

## XXIII.

The *Charioteer* may overset  
 His *Master*, at a Jirk ;  
 But He must *labour* that retrieves  
 His blund'ring, dirty Work.

## XXIV.

For this his Parts must be display'd  
 T' *undo* again *Undoing* ;  
 And Fools will rattle, rail and rave,  
 Tho' sav'd, *Themselves*, from *Ruin*.

## XXV.

Who'd talk of *Oaks*, which firmly stand  
 Each *Blast*, and ev'ry *Shock* ;  
 When your *Great Men* all imitate  
 St. *J-----'s Weathercock* ?

## XXVI.

What's ev'ry Man that's left behind,  
 But grown a *Jester's Sport* ?  
 Tho' formerly They had but *One*,  
 They've *Twenty* now at *C----t*.

## XXVII.

Their *Light* is *borrow'd*, 'tis well known ;  
 And if their *SUN* is bad ;  
 Who wou'd expect *inferior Light*,  
 Must be, or drunk or mad.

## XXVIII.

## XXVIII.

I must be gone----And know, thou Wretch!  
 FREEDOM's a *Glow-worm's Fire.*  
 Few are the *Hours* it now can *shine*,  
 For soon it must expire.

## XXIX.

The antient M--st--r of the R--lls  
 (Tho' now a *Ghost*) grew *stiff*,  
 And trembling cry'd----Why BE IT so!  
 And NOTICE GIVE FORTHWITH.

**F I N I S.**



